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MISCELLANEOUS.

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Despotic Power—and Insanity.

—Men dressed in a little brief authority
Play such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep.

SHAKESPEARE.

In all ages, it has been a prevailing complaint, that hopeful princes have turned out bad kings—that the virtues and talents which blossomed in private life have vanished when their possessor reached the throne, and left nothing behind but cupidity, intemperance, violence, caprice, and childishness. The fact is too certain to be disputed; but moralists, in their attempts to explain it, seem to have stopped short without reaching the bottom of the subject. The true source of those excesses and eccentricities, committed by men dressed in a little brief authority, which have made mankind alternately laugh and weep, is to be found in the tendency of unrestrained power to derange the understanding. This may look like a paradox; but it is, we think, consistent with the soundest theories of the human mind, and is supported by the testimony of history. It is, indeed, a reproach to the sciences of physiology, metaphysics, and politics, that a truth of such importance has not long ere now been embodied in their systems.

There are many things in the details of social life which are not settled by reason, but by custom. Common sense teaches an individual to conform to these in his conduct, not because they are right in themselves, but because they are established. The mode of living of the Chinese or Turks is perhaps in some particulars more rational than our own; but the man who should adopt the fashions of either of these nations in Britain would justly be suspected of insanity. It is in this way that a great proportion of the daily acts of every individual are acts of deference to the opinions, or perhaps the prejudices of those around him. This deference he is induced to pay from the love of approbation, and from the dread of ridicule. But the despot, who is surrounded not by equals but by flatterers, and who holds in his hands the lives and fortunes of all who approach him—of all who should be censors on his conduct, is raised entirely above the influence of these motives. His power can silence both truth and ridicule, and deliver him from the control of those social feelings, which in private life a person cannot disregard without having impeached the sanity of his understanding.

In the second place, our ideas of our rights and duties, and of the conduct proper to be observed by ourselves and others, in every situation of life, are not obtained by speculating on the actions of those around us like unconcerned spectators, but rather from the collision of our own opinions, passions, and interests, with those of our equals. What teaches an individual that he has not a right to listen to the suggestions of his own selfishness, and seize whatever would minister to his private gratification? It is that he is obliged to defend himself against similar aggressions on the part of others. Finding how desirable it is that others should respect his rights, he learns to respect theirs. Again, when he has made the best use of his intellectual powers, and formed a conclusive opinion on any subject, what prevents his self-love from considering this opinion as the pure result of truth and reason, and all who dispute it as wilfully ignorant or perversely wrong? It is that he encounters the same dogmatism in others, and hence he finds it necessary to submit his own opinions to the same test of reason and argument, to which he is

obliged to appeal in contesting those of his neighbours. It is thus that man is taught to restrain his natural cupidity and intolerance, by being obliged on all occasions to measure himself with his equals; and by feeling in consequence that he is every instant exposed to suffer from those faults in others which he is most disposed to commit himself. But release an individual from this control—exalt him to a situation where he can silence the opinions of others without the agency of reason, and inflict injustice without being exposed to retaliation: He will speedily come to consider the crudest conceptions of his own brain as the inspirations of perfect wisdom, which nothing but blindness and obstinacy can dispute. He will assert his claim to make whatever use of the persons and property of those around him may contribute to his gratification, and make it treason or blasphemy to resist it. The sophist who avowed, that even with truth on his side he would always submit to be worsted in argument by a man who commanded forty legions, spoke like a man of sense. Where no other interest interferes, a despot may still be wounded through his vanity. It is not enough that he can kill or plunder at pleasure; it must not appear that there is a man in existence who knows more than himself.

It is in this manner that unfettered power gives an inordinate strength to the selfish feelings of our nature; and whatever does this, disturbs those perceptions of right and wrong, truth and falsehood, on which the sanity of the understanding depends, as moralists have observed. But to explain the whole of the pernicious effect produced, we must carry the metaphysical argument a little farther. The collision of our opinions, passions, and interests, with those of others, not only teaches us justice and forbearance, but it is the best discipline for strengthening and improving the judgement and the reasoning powers. It is finely observed, by an eminent writer, that the same images which make up the magic scenery of our dreams, pass through the mind when we are awake; but in the latter case we never mistake them for realities, because the more forcible impressions we receive by the senses from surrounding objects prevent the illusion. In the same way a thousand vain caprices and fantastic ideas take momentary possession of the mind even of a sane individual, but they are stifled in their birth by being confronted with the more sober and settled modes of thinking which have been established by the general reason and sense of society. But exalt an individual above this species of control. Invest a prince with supreme power over the lives and fortunes of all who approach him: you then convert his attendants into slaves, who pamper his vanity, and nourish all his foibles and vices, while they shut out that salutary influence of public opinion, and that ordeal of argument and ridicule, which prevent many a weak understanding from being enslaved by its own errors and illusions. To a person in such a state, ideas that flit idly through other men's imaginations as a dream or a reverie, become rules of conduct and serious purposes of action. His mind wanting wholesome exercise preys upon itself, and becomes a hotbed of childish follies, furious passions, and monstrous absurdities, which at length choke the feeble seeds of sense and reason implanted by nature.

Society presents at all times official men, whose conduct shows that power had, to a certain extent, subverted their understandings. But to see the operations of the circumstances described fully, we must go to the tyranny of Imperial Rome. It was the unfortunate condition of mankind under the CÆSARS, that

the Roman Empire comprehended almost the whole civilized world. There was no independent state to which the injured could fly, and there was no region from which the sacred voice of truth and justice, when suppressed within the empire, could make itself heard, and check the guilty oppressor in his career. The man who was in the seat of empire was invested with unlimited power not only over the bodies, but over the opinions, words and thoughts of mankind—over human reason and human genius.

There were half a dozen of madmen conspicuous among the Roman emperors, whose derangement seems fairly imputable to their situation, since they gave no decided symptoms of it before they were elevated to power. Let us take two of the best known as a specimen.

NERO, during his youth, and in the early part of his reign, behaved in no respect worse than the young Romans of his day, and in some respects better. He shewed a capacity for business; for he pleaded some causes, and sat in judgment on others, and in this office is allowed to have acted with becoming deliberation. His first acts as Emperor were altogether worthy of a good prince coming after a bad one. He paid public honours to the memory of his father, bestowed marks of respect and affection upon his mother, allowed small salaries to decayed senators, lowered the taxes, reduced the establishment of informers, and when a warrant for the execution of a criminal was brought to him for signature, he uttered the humane wish, "that he had never learned to write." He refused the title of "father of his country," as unbecoming his youth, and declined an early vote of thanks from the Senate "till he should be found to deserve them." The Roman world was in raptures, and considered him a special gift from heaven. Such was NERO before the impressions of private life were worn off; look at him after he had tasted the blandishments of power.

He appeared publicly on the stage as a player on the harp, and then in the circus as a charioteer. Not satisfied with this, he travelled through the Grecian cities like an itinerant musician contending for prizes, and with a childish impatience ordered the festivals of several years to be celebrated in one. He went about the streets at night playing blackguard tricks, and breaking shops. He caused himself to be let out of a den covered with a lion's skin, and sprung upon persons tied to stake for the purpose, imitating with his voice the shrieks of men torn by wild beasts. He took off most of his friends by poison, put to death his wife and mother, set the city on fire, and sung at the spectacle, and indulged in practices too beastly and extravagant to be alluded to.

CALIGULA, another of those imperial monsters, was not raised to the supreme power so young as NERO. He was, in his youth, much beloved by the army, with whom he was brought up. He liked singing and dancing, and was fond of seeing executions, qualities not ranking among the virtues, but common to many men who have passed through the world decently. He shewed himself possessed of self-command, one of the most decisive indications of a sound mind, in bearing the ill-usage of TIBERIUS without uttering a single complaint. When he acted as Augur, SÆTORIUS says, he got great credit for his piety and ability. Like NERO, he distinguished the commencement of his reign by honouring the memory of his mother and by acts of kindness to his sisters. The proofs collected by spies of conspiracies and designs against his family, he nobly committed to the flames without reading, declaring he had no ears for informers. The works of writers suppressed by his predecessors on account of the free spirit they breathed, he again allowed to be read. He purified the equestrian order without exercising its undue rigour; and he paid the legacies bequeathed by his predecessor, whose testament had been broken, and whose memory he had no reason to honour. With such an auspicious opening, we need not wonder that thousands of sacrifices were offered up for the continuance of his reign. In turning to the other side of the picture, we pass over his monstrous acts of cruelty and rapacity—the murder of all his relations—his low frauds to extort money—his savage order to kill slowly, that his victim might feel himself die, and his still more savage wish "that the Roman people had but one neck,"—

we pass over all these, with his multiplied incests and adulteries, and rather refer to acts which evince the derangement of his intellect. After obtaining divine honours for himself, with temples and priests, he sent for the most celebrated statues of the gods from Greece, and breaking off their heads, substituted casts of his own. He amused himself by making senators in their robes run for miles beside his chariot, or shutting them up with wild beasts in cages, or branding them in the face with hot irons, or causing men to shave the backs of the heads of those who had fine hair, to make them look ridiculous. He ate, drank, and dressed in a fashion of his own. He walked abroad in woman's clothes, or with a golden beard on his face, and a thunderbolt in his hand. He swallowed pearls dissolved in vinegar as a refreshment; issued invitations to sup in his horse's name, and gave into a thousand other inconceivable extravagancies.

These two are by no means solitary instances of imperial madness occurring at distant intervals in a long line of princes. The reigns of DOMITIAN, COMMODOUS, CARACALLA, and HELIOGABALUS, were distinguished by the same frantic conduct as those of NERO and CALIGULA; and three of these monsters reigned within the space of fifty years, while the reigns of the other three were comprised within the still shorter space of forty. There can be no doubt that it was the intoxication of uncontrolled power, like Circe's spell, operating upon understandings naturally weak but not disordered, which transformed these men into beasts. Nor is it of much consequence to inquire, whether their situation created a mental disease which did not before exist, or merely developed one which the habits and discipline of private life would have subdued.

To come nearer the present times, when Paul of Russia, during his mother's life, visited Paris, we are told, (in GRIMM'S Correspondence), that he was admired by the literary men for his good sense and propriety of his conduct. This same individual who would in all probability have passed through life in a private station, with the character of a weak but moderate and reasonable man, was no sooner invested with power than his head was turned. His edicts for new modelling the coats, hats, and beards of his subjects, were exact counterparts to some of the extravagant acts of the Roman Emperors. And it may be observed, that Russia, from the more despotic authority of the sovereign, the military nature of the Government, and the ignorance and semi-barbarism of the people, is the fittest scene in modern Europe for the exhibition of such characters, and the most likely to produce them.

We might farther illustrate our principle, by the eccentricities of FREDERICK the Second of Prussia, so well described by his daughter, the Princess of Bareith, and by the childishness and extravagance of many despotic princes, both in barbarous and civilized countries. But we have neither time nor space for such details. We shall conclude, by observing, that the principle does not hold only in extreme cases. Notwithstanding the powerful control of public opinion in the south of Europe, we witness many acts of ludicrous extravagance in official men. We have seen a prince embroidering a petticoat—and we have seen what would be indecency in private life, practised without reproach in a court.—*Scotsman*, Aug. 25.

Elephant Hunt.—Extract of a letter from India, dated Khasgunge, May 4, 1819:—

"For some days before our arrival at A—, we had intelligence of an immense wild male elephant being in a large grass swamp within five miles of us; he had inhabited the swamp for years, and was the terror of the surrounding villagers, many of whom he had killed; he had only one tusk, and there was not a village for many miles round that did not know the Burrah ek durt ke Hathee, or the Large Toothed Elephant; and one of our party, Colonel S—, had, the year before, been charged, and his Elephant put to the right about by this famous fellow; we determined to go in pursuit of him, and accordingly, the third day after our arrival, started in the morning, mustering between private and Government Elephants, 32, but seven of them only with sportsmen on their backs. As we knew that in the event of the

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wild one charging, he would probably turn against the male Elephants, the drivers of two or three of the largest were armed with spears. On our way to the swamp, we shot a great quantity of different sorts of game that got before the line of Elephants, and hardly entered the swamp, when, in consequence of one of the party firing at a partridge, we saw the great object of our expedition; the wild Elephant got up out of some long grass about 250 yards before us, where he stood staring at us, and flapping his large huge ears; we immediately made a line of the Elephants, with sportsmen in the centre, and went straight up to him, until within 130 yards, when, fearing he was going to turn from us, all the party gave him a volley, some of us firing two, three, and four barrels: he then turned round and made for the middle of the swamp. The chase now commenced, and after following him for upwards of a mile with our Elephants up to their bellies in mud, we succeeded in turning him to the edge of the swamp, where he allowed us to get within 80 yards of him, and gave him another volley in his full front, on which he made a grand charge at us, but fortunately only grazed one of the pad Elephants; he then again made for the middle of the swamp, throwing up blood and water from his trunk, and making a terrible noise, which clearly shewed that he had been severely wounded; we followed him, and were obliged to swim our Elephants through a piece of deep stagnant water, occasionally giving shot; when making a stop in some very high grass, he allowed us again to come within 60 yards, and got another volley, on which he made a second charge, more furious than the first, but was prevented making it good by some shots fired when very close to us, which stunned, and fortunately turned him; he then made for the edge of the swamp again, swimming a piece of water, through which we followed with considerable difficulty, in consequence of our pads and howdahs having become much heavier, from the soaking they had got twice before; we were up to the middle of the howdahs, and one of the Elephants fairly turned over, and threw the rider and his guns into the water. He was taken off by one of the pad elephants, but his three guns went to the bottom. This accident took up some time, during which time the wild elephant had made his way to the edge of the swamp, and stood perfectly still, looking at us, and trumpeting with his trunk. As soon as we got all to rights we again advanced with the elephant in the form of a crescent, in the full expectation of a desperate charge; nor were we mistaken. The animal now allowed us to come within 40 yards of him, when we took a very deliberate aim at his head, and, on receiving this fire, he made a most furious charge, in the act of which, and when within ten yards of some of us he received his mortal wound, and fell as dead as a stone. Mr. B. a Civilian, has the credit of giving him his death wound, which, on examination, proved to be a small ball from a Joe Manton gun over the left eye, for this was the only one of 31 that he had received in his head, which was found to have entered the brain. When down he measured in height twelve feet four inches; in length, from the root of the tail to the top of the head, 16 feet; and ten feet round the neck. He had upwards of 80 balls in his head and body. His only remaining tusk when taken out weighed 36lbs., and when compared with the tame ones was considered small for the size of the animal. After he fell, a number of the villagers came about us, and were rejoiced at the death of their formidable enemy, and assured us that within the last four or five years he had killed nearly 50 men; indeed, the knowledge of the mischief he had occasioned, was the only thing that could reconcile us to the death of so noble an animal. We were just three hours from the time we first saw him until he fell; and what added much to the gratification of the day, we had not a single accident to man or elephant, excepting Captain P.'s upset; and he was so fortunate as to recover his guns the next morning by means of divers. Col. S. an old and very keen Indian sportsman, declared he had never seen or heard any thing to equal the day's sport.—*Morning Chronicle*, August 16, 1821.

Black Currant.—A new species of black currant has been cultivated in Cambridgeshire, the fruit of which is so large, that in some instances a single berry weighs 61 grains, and measures in circumference two inches and a half.

Present Discontents.—There is a passage in BURKE'S "Causes of the present Discontents," which might afford a most seasonable lesson to those who hold the sentiments of the many in derision, and who think that a charge of cavalry is the happiest mode of meeting and refuting public opinion:—

"Government (says BURKE) is deeply interested in every thing which, even through the medium of some temporary uneasiness, may lead finally to compose the minds of the subject, and to conciliate their affections. I have nothing to do here with the abstract value of the voice of the people. But as long as reputation, the most precious possession of every individual, and as long as opinion, the great support of the State, depend entirely upon that voice, it can never be considered as a thing of little consequence either to individuals or to Government. Nations are not primarily ruled by laws; less by violence. Whatever original energy may be supposed either in force or regulation, the operation of both is, in truth, merely instrumental. Nations are governed by the same methods, and on the same principles, by which an individual without authority is often able to govern those who are his equals or his superiors; by a knowledge of their temper, and by a judicious management of it. I mean, when public affairs are steadily and quietly conducted, not when Government is nothing but a continued scuffle between the Magistrate and the Multitude, in which sometimes the one and sometimes the other is uppermost; in which they ultimately yield and prevail, in a series of contemptible victories, and scandalous submissions. The temper of the people amongst whom he presides, ought, therefore, to be the first study of a Statesman. And the knowledge of this temper it is by no means impossible for him to obtain, if he has not an interest in being ignorant of what it is his duty to learn."

The system above recommended is, however, by much too old-fashioned for the present times, the march of improvement in the act of governing has long outstripped such antiquated doctrine, which is indeed founded on first principles, and therefore wholly beneath the notice of a Statesman of the nineteenth century. The vessel of the State, conducted on the rules of a modern improvement, by dint of vapour, iron, and fire and smoke, now defies the tide of popular inclination, and the breath of public opinion; the pressure may, however, some day prove too high, and no Sir HUMPHREY DAVY has yet invented a political safety valve, to this hazardous piece of machinery.—*Morning Chronicle* Aug. 24.

Female beauty in Ceylon.—The following notions of female beauty in Ceylon, although singular in certain particulars, are by no means barbarous:—"The Singalese women are generally well-made and well-looking, and often handsome. Their countrymen, who are great connoisseurs of the charms of the sex, and who have books on the subject, and rules to aid the judgment, would not allow a woman to be a perfect belle unless of the following character, the particulars of which I shall give in detail as they were enumerated to me by a Kandyan courtier, well versed and deeply read in such matters:—"Her hair should be voluminous, like the tail of the peacock: long, reaching to the knees, and terminating in graceful curls; her eyebrows should resemble the rainbow, her eyes the blue sapphire, and the petals of the blue Manilla flower. Her nose should be like the bill of a hawk; her lips should be bright and red, like coral on the young leaf of the iron-tree. Her teeth should be small, regular, and closely set, and like jessamine buds. Her neck should be large and round, resembling the berrigodea. Her chest should be capacious; her breasts, firm and conical, like the yellow cocoa-nut, and her waist small—almost small enough to be clasped by the hand. Her hips should be wide; her limbs tapering; the soles of her feet without any hollow, and the surface of her body in general, soft, delicate, smooth, and rounded, without the asperities of projecting bones and sinews." The preceding is the most general external character that can be given of the Singalese. It may be added, that corresponding to their conformation of body, they are rather remarkable for agility and flexibility than for strength of limb; and that they are capable rather of long-continued than of great exertion."—*Davy's Ceylon*,

Servile Papers.

SPANISH COMMENTS ON THE SERVILE PAPERS, OF FRANCE, ENGLAND, AND AUSTRIA.

(From the Madrid Gazette of August 13.)

While France, England, and Austria foster in their bosoms Journalists prostituted to such a degree as to advocate the slavery of the human race—hired apologists of power, even of the atrocious despotism of the Turks—and engaged to give to the world a false and calumnious idea of the people who have lately undertaken the reform of their Governments, in order to found them on principles of equity, and the reciprocal interests of Kings and nations—while such writers are employed, we cannot continue to preserve a silence which might prove prejudicial.

Among the English papers the *Courier* is the one which contains the greatest number of injurious, insulting, and calumnious articles against Spain and Portugal. Its editors have forgotten that Spain was the bulwark which defended England; and that our valour and constancy, aided by the English and Portuguese, saved Great Britain from the furious tempest which threatened her, and which she feared. This forgetfulness indicates excessive ingratitude. When Buonaparte commanded every coast from the Neva to Greece, England would have been in imminent peril, had it not been for Spanish firmness; and this she knew too well, not to make every effort in her power to support in the cause of Spain—her own cause. The *Courier* and its followers ought to recollect, that the Glory acquired by England had its origin in the heroism of the Spanish nation, and that now to attack a people to whom the country is indebted for her security and her glory is a flagrant proof of the blackest ingratitude. Had the Spaniards, forgetful of their honour, their dignity, and their loyalty to the Bourbon dynasty, yielded, like other nations a cowardly submission to the will of Buonaparte, the *Courier* would not now have to vent his rancour against the peninsula, nor would he be in a situation to dare to reproach us as revolutionists and democrats. He complained of no such democracy, no such revolutionists, in 1810, 11, 12, 13, and 14, when the Spanish Constitution and intrepid Spaniards formed the advanced ramparts of England. The revolutionists were then uniformly called the protectors of the liberties of Europe against Buonaparte. The times are changed, but the Spaniards are the same. The *Courier*, however, finds there is no longer any need of the Spaniards. Still it would be well not to forget the benefits they have conferred; and it might be borne in mind, that as there was a time when 6,000 French troops landed in Ireland, so it is possible that 100,000 might have made a descent on England, had it not been for those revolutionary democrats the Spaniards, who love their own honour and dignity as well as they love their Kings.

France also gives birth to a swarm of papers called ministerial, in which the blackest envy, the most perfidious ingratitude, and the basest appetite for calumny, joined with the mania of interfering with foreign affairs when their own so loudly call for reform, are every moment manifested in the most unworthy manner. The *Gazette de France*, the *Drapeau Blanc*, the *Ruche d'Aquitaine*, the *Moniteur*, copy from the English papers every thing they contain against, but nothing favourable to, Spain; and, in concert with other Journals, prostituted to absolute power, and dedicated to the adulation of whoever is in authority, continue to rival each other in misrepresenting the situation of this country. The slightest piece of disagreeable news, though of no real importance, is, by these enemies of truth and their benefactor Spain, dressed up and disfigured in the most base, partial, and offensive manner.

The complacency with which these French papers copy from others falsehoods and vulgar abuse directed against the Spaniards and Portuguese—the reflections which some of them make in the strongest and most insulting manner—the mode in which they distort facts and events which occur in Spain—the sinister intention which they exhibit in their ipseities and sarcasms

against the Spaniards, are all circumstances which demonstrate the perfidy of the writers, which appears the more revolting and extraordinary when it is considered that there is in France a censorship, and no liberty of the press. The conduct of these venal pens affords, therefore, ground for suspicions of an unfavourable kind, and which certainly should not exist between two nations and cabinets maintaining with each other the relations of harmony and peace.

Let them give us advice, if they will, on the means of consolidating our institutions. Let them, if they must be giving instructions, point out to us the course we must pursue to secure our future felicity: but let them not endeavour to introduce schism and dissension among us, and to mislead the opinion of Europe, by insulting us in the most indecorous manner, and exhibiting us to the world under an aspect so different from that which belongs to us. But above all, and it cannot be too often repeated, let it be recollected that Buonaparte was at St. Helena because there were Spaniards who would not be slaves; that Lewis XVIII. was restored to his throne because there were Spaniards zealous of their independence, who taught the astonished world how to check the progress of the conqueror of nations; that France obtained her moderate monarchy because the Spaniards had laid the foundation of their own; that if the French people are in the enjoyment of prosperity, it is because the Spaniards were loyal to their Kings, brave and persevering, and determined not to bow the neck to the yoke of the oppressor, at whose feet all the other nations of the Continent were prostrate, and whose hands all their Sovereigns kissed; and finally, that if these ungrateful Journalists can reckon themselves in the number of freemen, it is solely because the Spaniards would not be counted in the number of slaves.

The *Austrian Observer*, under the shade of a great protector, or even more protectors than one, writes in a country where the liberty of the press is heard of with horror, and yet in which the press is employed for the purpose of vilification, under the shield of a metaphysical obscurity, the natural fruit of the country, not less than of a language fitted for certain modern diplomatists, who judge of things not as they really are, but according to the circumstances which favor themselves. This Austrian Journal, which dared to call the Spanish constitution established in Naples a code of anarchy, is another of those owls that love ignorance and darkness. The liberty of the people sounds in their ears like a thunderbolt. The word constitution frightens them. National representation makes them shudder. No terms are agreeable to their delicate ears, except absolute power; arbitrary government; legitimacy founded on the will of one individual; justice and order proceeding from the caprice of those who gain an ascendancy over the minds of princes in order to wield sceptres themselves; and, in fine, the name of every thing decrepid and decayed, and opposed to the lights of the age, the progress of the human understanding, the civilization of Europe, and those reforms which have introduced into almost all governments liberal ideas—those ideas which inspire terror in men, who cannot be persuaded that the time has at last arrived for treating the people in a manner different from the treatment they experienced centuries ago.

It does not appear whether the *Austrian Observer*, the *Courier*, and the ultra French Papers, have formed an alliance against reason, justice, and common sense, and whether they are ignorant that the principles now the object of their abuse were the salvation of Europe from the yoke of Buonaparte, the bitter enemy of liberal ideas, with which he reproached the Sovereigns of the North who pretend to befriend them. This we will prove in another number. For the present, we conclude with reminding the *Austrian Observer* of the occasion when a Spanish courier was regarded as a demi-god in Austria, received and treated as a messenger from Heaven for the protection of mankind; and of the period when the code of anarchy re-established in all its dignity the Austrian empire, which, had it not been for the Spanish anarchists and revolutionists, would have still been in that state of degradation to which it was brought by Buonaparte, the master of all the Continent, Spain excepted.

ASIATIC DEPARTMENT.

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John Bull's Pledges.

The solemn farce of JOHN BULL's pledges becomes more and more manifest every day. His determination to "avoid all political controversy,"—to "study only peace and harmony"—to "do nothing but what was liberal and gentlemanly,"—in short to bring about the age when the wolf and the lamb should lie down together, and strife and contention should for ever cease—are so STRICTLY adhered to, that his Paper has already ceased to be either a vehicle of News (to which indeed he never pretended) or a channel for making known the "private studies and literary pursuits of men of genius and education" (to which it professed its intention almost to confine itself). The Paper of Saturday for instance, contains only the following articles of Newspaper information:—1. The Sale of the Tickets in the 27th Calcutta Lottery (communicated in the JOURNAL Advertisements)—2. The Arrival of the ELEANOR from the Cape (contained in the JOURNAL Shipping Intelligence)—3. A short account of a Fire at Delhi, occupying less than a dozen lines—4. Four other lines stating that the Bombay and Madras Papers contain no news!—The whole of this information might be compressed into the eighth part of a column, and bears a proportion to the whole Paper of 1 to 128! The rest of the Paper, to the extent of nearly 12 columns, is devoted to long articles of "Political Controversy" (which he was so determined to avoid) from BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE and the London JOHN BULL, two of the most blackguard publications, not only in England, but, perhaps in the world; and the only Letters that he produces from the stores of his increasing Correspondence, to fill his last page, are three choice specimens of accusation against the CALCUTTA JOURNAL, the topic that seems to haunt perpetually the tormented imaginations of those who hate because they envy its success.

Of the article from Blackwood, this exemplary and promise-breaking Editor says—"The article is truly admirable in every respect." He will not after this, we suppose, deny his full participation in its sentiments. He says of the EDINBURGH REVIEW (which is called by him the "blue and yellow calamity," alluding to the colour of its paper covering) that this, and other similar productions have attacked *every thing great and good* in the country; and that the Blackwood Reviewers have done more than any other men living to hold up to *merited contempt* their *seditions* writings!! He adds "there is scarcely a man now even among the mob who dares openly confess that he reads the EXAMINER;" forgetting that if there is scarcely one, then HE HIMSELF is THAT VERY ONE OF THE MOB who in his Paper of the 1st of February, the very first day of his new career, not only quoted page after page from the EXAMINER, and from the Slap at Slop of Hone, which he thought "deserved notice, as a successful caricature of the Laureat;" but on the very next day (Feb. 29) in a Note of the Editor on a Letter professing to defend him from the imputation of being "indifferent to the principles disseminated through his pages," he justifies his Extracts THEN from the very Paper which he now says there is scarcely a man even among the mob who dares openly confess that he reads,—in these memorable words:—

"Why should not Editors of Newspapers, like other people, be allowed to AMUSE themselves and their readers occasionally with a little raillery? With respect to restricting our pages to ANY PARTICULAR CLASS (even) of English Papers, that is a thing we consider quite out of the question, and shall not therefore EVER agree to it. We know indeed that there are some who can tolerate nothing but TIMES, CHRONICLE, EXAMINER, &c. and that there are others equally attached to the COURIER, NEW TIMES, JOHN BULL, &c. but WE, having NO PARTY POLITICS to pamper or pander to, shall SEEK for instruction and amusement in them ALL, noticing, however, such articles as in our judgement may appear in any respect seriously objectionable."

These are his own words; and they deserve to stand out in a paragraph by themselves; for never were words more completely at variance with subsequent actions than these. Does this self-contradicting Writer imagine that persons do not remember his professions beyond the moment in which they are

uttered? or does he imagine, because he may be in favor with Authority, that therefore he may insult Common Sense with impunity?

Of his London namesake and worthy prototype too, he asks, "Why should the JOHN BULL be reviled for exposing wilful misrepresentations? and by those very persons too who applaud the principles of the TIMES and EXAMINER?" Before he asked this question he should first have SHOWN that JOHN BULL was reviled for THIS ONLY. To expose wilful misrepresentations is a virtue that requires courage and integrity, and deserves the esteem of all good men—But does this blind advocate imagine that we have yet forgotten the history of JOHN BULL's Parliamentary Examination? when, even the warmest advocates of Ministers were eager to express their abhorrence of that infamous Print; when even the writers in its slanderous pages were so ashamed to come forward and avow themselves like men, that every species of subterfuge and falsehood was resorted to, in order to evade the enquiry; and a poor and needy workman who was thrust forward as a man of straw, was cast into Newgate for the acts of men, who were ashamed of their deeds, and preferred darkness to light, because those deeds were evil? Was it "exposing wilful misrepresentation" to bring a charge of adultery against Lady Mary Wortlesly, the relative of Mr. Bennett, who had descended to the grave years before, and of whose virtues living testimonies were produced in abundance? Was it "exposing wilful misrepresentations" to vilify and defame in terms too scandalous to be repeated ALL who dared to avow their inflexible attachment to an injured Queen? If, indeed, the only crime to be imputed to JOHN BULL were that of "exposing wilful misrepresentations," than the Parliament that sentenced its nominal conductors to Newgate, and the Court which sentenced them to sue and imprisonment, must have committed a gross violation of justice; and the Champion of their cause here, who reverences Law, and looks up with affection to Parliaments and duty to Magistrates, has committed a greater blunder than ever, if he thinks these glaring contradictions can be reconciled. He plunges only deeper and deeper in the mire of inconsistency every day: and like most men who have no political principles whatever, or as he would term it "no party politics to pander to," he is necessarily blown about with every wind of doctrine; and must ultimately become the laughing-stock of all thinking men.

If to love our country, and to feel more interest in its welfare than in any other, be patriotism, and patriotism be virtue; then, he who is of that party which zealously labours to reform the abuses and enhance the greatness and the happiness of his country, is a virtuous man. If to love Justice and to hate Oppression, be the characteristic of a free citizen, and freedom be con-
 tributing to human nature; then, he who is of that party which contends for equal justice and resists oppression, is a nobler being than he who professes himself neutral or indifferent on subjects that so deeply concern the lives and liberties of the human race. It is thought an honor for a man to become a martyr for religion; it is deemed an honor to brave death for one's country; it is a subject of just pride to suffer any persecution, rather than yield up that honour and integrity which ought to be dearer to every man than his own comfort or than life itself. Yet to do all this, it is necessary to be strongly imbued with party feelings. The religious martyr is of the Christian party. The dying warrior is of the Patriot party; the persecuted citizen is of the People's party; and all deserve to be equally honoured, even if mistaken in their views, for that unbending integrity which honestly professes what it feels, and which seems to yield up the dignity of independence, either to the allurements of reward or the threats of punishment. This it is to be a "party man."

Take the opposite side of the picture. He, to whom it is a matter of indifference whether the pure religion of Christ, or the bloody rites of Jaggernaut prevail, and who would not stir a step to promote the one or destroy the other,—he has no party feelings to indulge. He also who would fight as readily to prolong the oppression of the Turks, as he would to emancipate the aspiring Greeks,—who would draw his sword as readily for the Minister of Oude or any other foreign lord, as he would to defend his hearth and house-

hold gods from violation, has certainly no party politics to pandér to. He who would as readily sabre his fellow countrymen or defend the authorities who approved it, as he would raise his arm in their defence, or impeach those traitors to their country's liberties who under the mask of civil subordination seek to establish military rule, may also have no party feelings to pamper—but, we ask, Is this a merit?—Is a total indifference to right or wrong,—to truth or falsehood,—to freedom or slavery, to be held up as standard of perfection, and a state worthy of our ambition? If so, then the debased Mahomedan who dreams away existence amid the fumes of opium, the fanatic Hindoo who is absorbed in contemplation of his idol, and the savage African who riots away one half of his existence and sleeps the other—are all superior to Greeks, Romans, or Britons. Ignorance is preferable to knowledge, and Barbarian apathy superior to all the animation, energy, and virtue of the highest Civilization.

Let those, whose reasoning leads to this conclusion, boast, if they will, that they have no "party politics" to indulge, and glory in their shame. For ourselves, it is our boast that we have party politics, and that we would risk all that makes life worth possessing to maintain them. They are those which placed the Brunswick Family on the Throne, which established the Rights of the Sovereign People as superior even to the will of the Monarch, which justified Resistance to Oppression, which made one Law for the Peer and the Peasant, which made the King responsible through his Ministers for the just and proper exercise of the power placed in his hands, which recognizes the voice of the nation in its Free Press and Representative Assemblies, and which establishes the doctrine that the good of the *subject-many* ought to be the sole end and aim of the Government of the *ruling-few*. These are politics, which, having learnt from no man or set of men, we should ourselves never think of designating by a name, tho' we have no objection to any that may be affixed to them, provided the principles remain the same; as things are of more importance than the words by which they are called. These opinions, which in our minds are the result of pure unbiassed conviction, and the use of that reason with which every man is more or less endowed—are those entertained and professed by millions of others, who *having* always two names, one given them by their Friends and the other by their Enemies, in England are called "Whigs" and "Radicals," in France "Liberals" and "Jacobins," in Spain "Patriots" and "Infidels," in Portugal "Constitutionalists" and "Horetics," and in Greece "Heroes" and "Dogs;"—and we would, rather, suffer all the opprobrium which even the worst of these names convey, than change those principles for others which we could not approve—or profess that we were wholly indifferent to good or evil, and had no principles whatever either to maintain or defend. This indeed appears to us the lowest step of insignificance to which any political writer can descend.

We intended to have noticed some of the most objectionable parts of the articles from Blackwood and JOHN BULL given at length in the Saturday's Paper; but we have said so much already that we must be very brief.

Blackwood says of the Whigs that "they have exulted at every occurrence of national distress, in our greatest peril, and triumphed in the miseries which they themselves so largely contributed to inflict on individuals"—Can any man lay his hand on his heart and say this is true?

He adds—"They have been hissed and hooted from Common Halls, and Hustings, pelted out of Palace-yard, coughed down in Parliament, kicked and cuffed, and sent yelling from every place of seditious exhortation"—We ask again—Can any man admit this to be true? and does not even the very assumption of it shew that their opponents think kicking, cuffing and brute force more honorable weapons of warfare than reasoning and truth? Are these men worthy of being considered civilized?

Again, speaking of the less unprincipled Tories who disapprove of the gross personalities used in Blackwood, the writer exclaims, "O! dear, who the devil cares whether such feeble and ineffable fractions of intellect and spirit as they are either approve or disapprove of your *avenging* career." This is the liberal and gentlemanly behaviour that is so warmly applauded here! "Is

it," (again asks the writer, addressing himself to Blackwood.) "It is by such beings as this that you submit to be lectured? Up with your crutch, (he continues) and knock him down." This is indeed conduct quite worthy the Blackguards of the North, and the Blackguards of every other country; but that one, who professed he would only act as a Gentleman should act, should be so misled as to say, "This article is truly admirable in every respect," excites our wonder no less than our regret.

He goes on with a passage, so exactly like one in the Prospectus of the OLD JOHN BULL, that if there had been time for the thing, one might have supposed it borrowed. It shews, however, how the workings of similar minds in countries far remote may produce very similar images and even expressions. The passage is this:

"I only wish you to compare the quiet progress of your own garden chair, the gentle turns that you take among your flowers, raising here the modest and drooping blossom, and pruning there, with a discreet and skilful hand, the overgrown briar that chokes the growth of useful herbs, and with its rank and noisome luxuriance cumbers and exhausts the ground."

Take the final passage from the OLD JOHN BULL's Prospectus: "In regulating discussion, the conduct of the Wise Gardener shall be kept in view, who prunes his valuable trees to prevent their being injured by over luxuriance, while he extirpates the weeds that threaten to choke the flowery sweets of the parterre!"

The writer in Blackwood goes on to defend the introduction of "descriptive touches of personal defects and infirmities" in political controversy, as "perhaps in some cases necessary to make out characters which had no features or qualities by which they could otherwise be distinguished;" so that the more harmless, and inoffensive, and retired, and unobtrusive, and unmarked any man's private life might be, the more justified would others be in holding him up to ridicule, because of personal defects by which he had the misfortune to be distinguished from his fellow-creatures!—Here is the liberality, gentleness, and humanity, of the Bullies of Edinburgh, so much applauded by their admirers in Calcutta!

Of certain honest and honourable men among the Tories who from conscience advocate the principles they believe—and from conscience also disapprove of such vile and brutal proceedings as these of violating the sanctuary of private life to drag a man before the public as an object of ridicule and scorn—and if he complain when so brought before the public to knock him down for his insolence; of such honorable men among the Tories as disapproved of these savage and ferocious proceedings, the same writer thus speaks:

"The rage, however, of the Whigs, the delusion into which they have betrayed better men, and the chattering spirit of the Cockneys, have not been so detrimental to the FAIR and JUST character of your strictures, as the conduct of the *timid* Tories, who imagine that party controversies can be maintained without giving offence. They might as well expect the battles of war to be fought without wounds. A party controversy such as you have embarked in, and in which they have always professed themselves auxiliaries, is a HOSTILE CONFLICT." This is the DOCTRINE put forth as "masterly and truly admirable in every respect," by an Editor who only a few days since professed that nothing should ever induce him to encourage such a feeling; that his only object was how best to promote peace, harmony, and good will. Can he read what he writes? or does he ever remember one day what he professed the day before? It really appears to us that a set of professions of the most opposite kind might be thrown into a bag, and shaken up to be drawn out at random, and even then make a more consistent whole than the professions and conduct of the NEW JOHN BULL, even in his yet brief career.

In continuation of his reproaches on these *timid* Tories who disapproved of such brutal warfare as this, the Writer goes on to say,—

"Why do you permit the cowardly malcontents of your own side" (those who think such cut-throat practices abominable)

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"still to rank themselves with you, although they are constantly in the habit of wondering that you should employ the means with which you have been invested by God and Nature for the overthrow of your own and their adversaries!—Perhaps, however you think those fastidious friends too numerous to be posted individually, or that it would be bad taste to post any of them. I shall not question the correctness of the opinion: but, describe the class—let us know who they are, give them a name, paint their lineaments, point them out to the scorn of all parties till the very children in the streets are able to say, "There goes one of the pluckless Tories! Look at the poor sneaking sordid creature, how it crawls in silk stockings, with its meagre, tottering limbs, to solicit some place or pension from the very masters that it hesitates to support, in the most necessary of all their great understandings, the chastisement of invidious and personal foes." "Till you do this (continues this gentlemanly writer) you have done but half your duty, and failed to fulfil one of the noblest objects of your original design."

This, then, is what the Editor of that exemplary pattern of all purity, the JOHN BULL IN THE EAST, calls an article "truly admirable in every respect." Let this be the standard of his own politics;—and let the Public judge from from what he here professes openly to admire and applaud, whether a Paper professing and espousing doctrines like these deserves to be considered either liberal or gentlemanly, useful or honorable; whether such doctrines thus sent forth under the seal of his approval to the world, are most calculated to produce peace or dissension, discord or harmony; and let them judge of the sincerity or hollowiness of his pretensions, by this unerring guide.

We have scarcely room to remark at length upon the article of the London JOHN BULL, on the subject of the TIMES Newspaper, and the Queen; but it is, if possible, almost more odious still. The substance of it is this. The TIMES makes certain assertions regarding the Queen; they are made in the face of the world, on the authority of known individuals as Proprietors and Editors, with the reputation of the most popular Paper in England as far extensive sale can indicate it, and of a large Concern worth about £100,000 a year at stake. These are opposed by the assertions of a Paper, the real Proprietors and Editors of which are unknown, who have no reputation to lose, and whose weekly publication is not to be compared in importance, value, or extent of circulation to the former.

The TIMES professed to describe the national feeling on the death of the Queen; and JOHN BULL says, "How should a Cockney in his garret know any thing of the matter?" Yet he himself, whoever he be, affects to describe the national feeling on other occasions, though he can see no farther, we suppose, than a Cockney in his garret, or than any other single individual. So that we have only the assertion of an unknown and irresponsible person against the assertion of one who is known and responsible. Which is worth most, it is not difficult to decide.

The assertions of the TIMES are called "gross lies," in this gentlemanly Paper, and "flagrant and deliberate falsehoods." These terms are applied to a description given in the TIMES of a scene at Hammersmith. How does JOHN BULL prove them to be, as he terms them, not only "lies" but "deliberate" ones?—Why by this mighty sentence. "Now this, upon our honour—upon our oath if necessary, we state to be false from beginning to end!"—Is this BULL so maddened by fury as to suppose that the honour and the oath of a Slanderer like himself whom nobody knows is to be taken for proof? and that because he says he slept at Hammersmith, therefore his assertion is to pass for truth? He might say he slept at York or Dublin, or any where else, that served his purpose—but who would put any faith in such an oracle?

The whole cause, as well as its advocates, appears to us to be so bad, that we almost feel regret at having wasted so much time and paper on the subject. Let our Readers think seriously, however, of what we have now brought before them; and it will save them and us too the trouble, and we must add the disgust, of returning to repel again and again, doctrines that we hold to be degrading to human nature, and degrading to those who espouse and maintain them.

On the Struggle of the Greeks.

To the Editor of the Calcutta Journal.

SIR,

If the effusions of a heart warm in the cause of humanity be deemed worthy a place in your Paper, you will by inserting the enclosed greatly oblige one of

Your Constant Readers,

Calcutta, March 10, 1822.

CORINNA.

REMARKS.

Without entering into a disquisition to prove that the Greeks, both on the score of Policy and Religion, have a right to the assistance, not only of Russia, but of all the Powers of Europe, in their generous efforts to shake off the yoke of bondage under which they have groaned for so many ages, I will make bold to assert that on the score of gratitude alone, we are bound to afford them every succour in our power.

Shall a people, once a magnanimous nation, to whom we are indebted for examples of the most exalted virtue, the memory of whose valorous deeds swells the breast with the love of Glory, whose patriotic devotedness can never be equalled, but will be remembered to the latest period of time!—a nation who can boast her 300 Spartans and invoke the Plains of Marathon,—shall that nation be doomed to bow for ever under the iron club of a people (for I will not call it a nation,) scarce civilised, and as utterly incapable of appreciating the merit of its conquered subjects, as of benefiting by its example?

Gracious Powers! is the people we abandon to the destructive brutality of the Crescent, the same to whom we owe the attainment of those Arts and Sciences, without which life would be little better than mere brutal animation, and whose sublime ruins assert their former grandeur, and still force the admiration of the world? And shall we, who claim a just title to taste and genius; we, who have been taught by the Greeks the refined enjoyments of the Fine Arts, and whose unbounded love of Liberty even to this day stimulates our own to vindicate that sacred right whenever an attempt is made to violate it;—shall we hesitate to rescue them from their opprobrious slavery? Is it in this age of enlightened knowledge, and liberality of sentiment, that we see this contempt of every principle of justice, gratitude, and humanity?

Is it to the posterity of Lysurgus, of Solon, of Socrates, of Aristides the Just, of Themistocles and Pericles, and of a hundred others equally renowned, that we, their (I had almost said) barren admirers, dare refuse our aid in the hour of need; dare refuse to associate in the glorious task of liberating our Masters from the fangs of those ferocious wretches, whose breath-like that of the Vampire's, carries pestilence, and destruction wherever they go.

Will England, proud of her progress in those Peaceful Arts which confer happiness on mankind, proud of her legislature, her freedom, and religion,—will she, forgetful of the source whence these blessings flow, disdainful of that classic ground so often trod with enthusiastic delight by her inquisitive sons, will she not join her friendly hand, and with one mighty blow deliver the European world from its dastardly Tyrants, and devote them to oblivion?

Oh Thermopylae! Oh spot for ever sacred to Liberty and to Fame!—ye self-devoted victims to your country's cause—could you have foreseen that the sacrifice of your generous blood was destined to cement the tomb of your devoted country; that the swords which your valiant hands still grasped in death were to be fabricated into fetters for your posterity; how acute would have been your grief, when led by that hero, Leonidas, you entered the Enemy's camp, resolved to conquer or to sup with Pluto. Sacred shades of those heroes whose lives have excited my earliest admiration! bear witness to the indignant anguish of my soul, at the unmerited fate of your debased country. Oh! for that eloquence with which your own Demosthenes was endowed, or for that which thundered in the Roman Forum through the lips of Cicero, to draw in one universal league the powers of our dormant hemisphere!

Perhaps it will be objected that the present Greeks are a degenerate race. Admitting this, whence, let me ask, their degeneracy, but from the despotism by which they are oppressed! a despotism which must annihilate every particle of spirit. Can it be expected that the slave over whose head the sword is suspended by a single hair, will cherish sufficient courage to assert his long-lost liberty? and is it not wonderful, rather, that notwithstanding this state of humiliation, a latent spark still remained which has at last kindled into a flame, and which I trust will not be extinguished, till Greece like the Phoenix, rises renovated from its ashes?

If that unhappy people effectuate their emancipation by its own means, unaided by those whose duty it would have been to succour them, what immortal honour will they derive from so grand an achievement!

That the Greeks are not a degenerate race, their late conduct towards their Oppressors doth fully evince. What, but that elevation of soul, which distinguished their forefathers, could have prompted them to act with that generous forbearance which they have shewn of late; and if, for one moment, they have so far forgotten what was due to the spirit of Religion, and to themselves, as to retaliate on their prostrate foe, it was but the effervescence of the moment, excited by the atrocious cruelties exercised against all they held most dear,—their wives and children,—and which the sober hour of reflection disowns.

It is with undissembled satisfaction, that I read of their late success. May that Power who from on high contemplates their generous struggle, extend his parental wing over them; protect their efforts, and ultimately crown them with success!

CORINNA.

Duties of Political Agents.

SIR, To the Editor of the Calcutta Journal.

In perusing your Paper some days ago, I perceived a Solution to the Queries of a "LOOKER-ON," by an Officer signing himself "Ægis," or, in other words the Guardian of his Military rights. As I imagine he is not rightly informed on the subject which he attempts to explain, I beg leave to state my conception of the powers of a Political Agent, having acted as an Assistant to one for some years.

The Queries, he says, might be condensed nearly into one, "Whether a Political Agent is to be considered as invested with Military as well as Civil power?" but, this is a very vague and ambiguous question; for it is a well-known and undisputed fact, that all Residents, Political Agents, and Civil Commissioners are invested with both, and that a Commanding Officer cannot make a movement without their advice and approbation; but when once engaged in action, he cannot even though he should be an experienced Military Officer, direct this column to move down and attack that part of the Enemy's line; order the guns to be directed towards a certain point; or in short, he cannot interfere with any of the movements of an Army, while actually engaged. But, he has the power either to order the pursuit, or call back the pursuers; to cut down, or give quarter; and, if any Chiefs or men of rank are taken prisoners, they are to be delivered up to him, and dealt with as he thinks fit. If there had been a Civil Commissioner in the district in which Talnair lies, Sir T. Hislop could not have hung the Killedar of that Fort, without the permission of the Civil Authority; and if the latter demanded that he should be given up to him, to be tried by the Civil power, the request must have been complied with, or if refused, then the General stood to the consequences of disobedience, and was liable accordingly to punishment.

With regard to this question which he considers as synonymous with the foregoing, though they are as distinct and different as can be, "Is a Political Agent the Representative of the Commander in Chief, as well as of the Governor General." I reply, that it displays a gross want of general information on the part of Ægis, or an extreme inattention to the Rules and Regulations of the Service. Was ever a question so absurd! Why, the Repre-

sentative of the Commander in Chief is the Officer Commanding the Force, who acts under his orders and is in daily Correspondence with Head Quarters. Perhaps Ægis was misled by the offices of Governor General and Commander in Chief being combined at present in one individual; but he ought to recollect, that these are two separate departments, having little or no connection with each other. The Governor General stands in the same ratio to the Commander in Chief as does a Political Agent to the Commanding Officer of the Troops within the sway of his jurisdiction; and no one will surely deny, but that the Commander in Chief, whatever be his rank or degree, is bound to obey the orders of the Governor General in every point, with the exception I stated before, of being actually engaged in battle, where the Governor General, supposing him to be a Military man, has no right to interfere; and suppose him a Civilian, then of course he is unable, or will not, if he be a sensible man, meddle in the business.

That a Political Agent may suspend an attack after it had been "ordered" is quite true; but it is an erroneous idea that he can, when hostilities have once commenced. When both sides have fired a shot each, then Civil authority ceases, and Military alone rules the day, until he has either conquered the Enemy, or fled out of reach of pursuit. If the former happens, then the Agent settles the term of peace, the ransom of prisoners, or the cession of territory: if he is defeated, the Agent can order the Army either out of the district altogether, or again advance and try the hazard of another battle, or wait for succour from a neighbouring station. Thus he most certainly can specify the number, description, and nature of troops to be employed on the service for which he requires them; for, is it not evident that an Agent who has lived near or amongst the people, against whom for many years he means to carry on war, is better calculated to estimate their discipline, strength, and numbers, than a Commanding Officer who goes and comes at the pleasure of Government, and is never settled above one or two years in the same place? The most successful Expeditions that went from England during the late war, were all planned by Civilians, which shows them to be as capable, if not more so, than Military men, of estimating the resources and force of the kingdom or state, against which operations are to be carried on.

AN ASSISTANT TO

Central India,

Feb. 1, 1822.

A POLITICAL AGENT.

Replies to Queries.

To the Editor of the Calcutta Journal.

SIR, In reply to the "Two Important Queries" published in your JOURNAL of the 27th ult., on the subject of Matrimony, I beg leave to state to the first Query, that "Money on one side, or on the other, is essentially necessary to Matrimonial happiness." Altho' happiness may exist for a time after Marriage, where there is little or no Money, yet when the "natural expectations" of Matrimony come, the want of money will be felt. Perhaps, it will be said, "borrow the needful;" this may do for the first time, but it will not do oftener. In my opinion, it is not the act of Marriage alone to which we should look, "but to its consequences;" therefore, if your Correspondent ("TWENTY ONE") has any idea of marrying, I would advise him to look well around him first; and if he has not Money enough before he marries to enable him to save a certain sum monthly, or has not a "good appointment" I would strongly recommend his remaining a Bachelor till he has the wherewithal. Let him recollect the old adage "that when Poverty comes in at the door, Love flies out at the window."

To the 2d Query, I would reply "That it depends in a great measure on the dispositions and inclinations of the persons concerned." Much argument could be produced in favor of both late and early Marriages, but I will not intrude any longer on your time at present.

March 2, 1822.

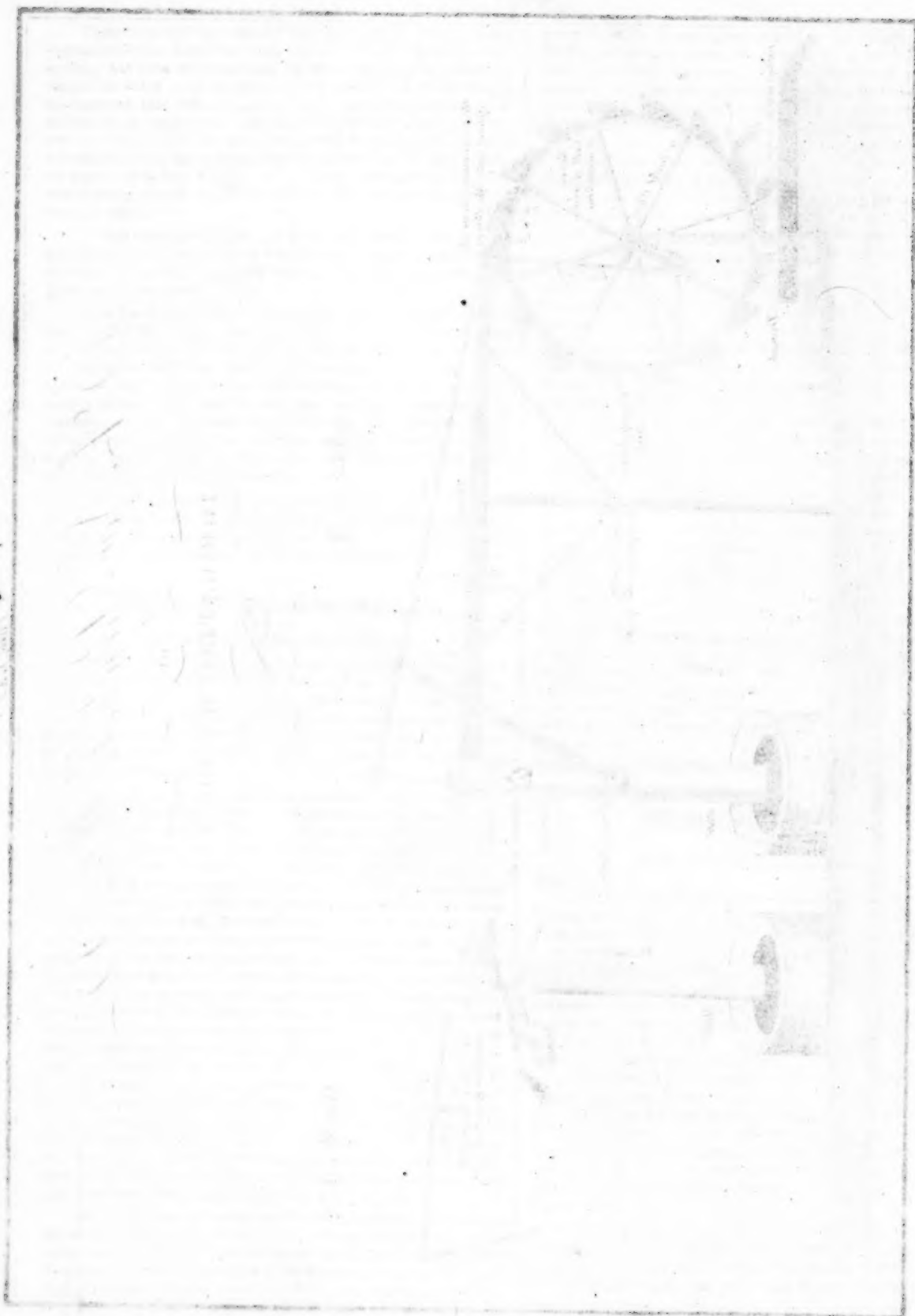
E. C. N. TWENTY-ONE AND A HALF.

Wm. Michael Harris

March. 1911

Sketch No 2





Handwritten note: "The pump is a 10 inch diameter"

ASIATIC DEPARTMENT.

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"Empire of Opinion."

Sir, To the Editor of the Calcutta Journal.

If the proper object of a Newspaper be the practical application of known principles to public and passing events, and to suggest improvements, rather than a fine display of learning in ingenious but barren speculations, the following remarks may be deemed worthy of a place in your useful Paper. I think the subject important, and if I am so fortunate as to bring over to the same opinion any of your able Correspondents who have written in so dispassionate and masterly a manner of Indian affairs, I will gladly resign it into their hands.

The British ascendancy in India is declared to be an Empire of Opinion: long may it continue to be so: the measures of the Government, as well as their professions both at home and abroad, accord with this view, and with the wishes, I may say, of all good men on this point. I am therefore anxious to draw the public attention to a practice in Calcutta which seems to me diametrically contrary to the benevolent spirit of our political system, as well as unfeeling and disgraceful to our national character.

Before I advance any farther, I will mention a fact, as the foundation of my reflections: Having occasion sometime ago to visit Barrackpore on a Sunday, a Friend offered me a seat in his Buggy; and passing through the Chitpore Road, which was very much crowded, he laid his horse-whip right and left among the Natives, from one end of it to the other! This is not a solitary instance, or a thing of rare occurrence; but has grown up, I am told, into a common every day practice; and is so countenanced by numbers, that he would be laughed at as a simpleton or a griffin who should dare to reprove it. It is monstrous:—altho' the Public should suffer it in silence, I for one will raise my voice against it. Whoever is guilty of this has sullied the character of a Briton: he is degraded below the rank of a freeman; for the slave-driver and the slave are in my eyes equally below the rank of men.

I am afraid, Mr. Editor, we pride ourselves too much with theories: it is the fatal error of the British Constitution. What Englishman does not repeat with feelings of pride that the Natives of India are not like the population of America and the West India Islands,—that they are freemen like ourselves. Why then permit the tyrannic scourge of the Driver, as he forces his vehicle with brutal fury through the crowded capital of the East, among thousands and thousands of these freemen? I do not accuse all: by no means: for the honor of our country the genuine feelings of Britons prevent that disgrace from spreading so widely. But, although I am a friend to Colonization, I declare I should think the Government fully justified in demanding security from every person who sets his foot in this country, for his good behaviour, until such a practice be completely put down.

It may be asked, "Why do the sufferers not remonstrate or seek legal redress?" The subject has been mentioned lately in a Native Newspaper, and we may expect to hear more of it, though the same channel. I know no other by which the public opinion of the Natives can be made known. But as to legal redress, alas! ages of oppression have sunk so deep into their minds, that the equitable reign of law established by their European conquerors, has not yet been able to teach them to rely on it for protection against the strong and the powerful. Would it ever enter the mind of a *Beaver* or a *Coolie* that the law would afford him redress for an injury done him by one who wore the appearance of a Gentleman? He would as soon think to fly.

To return to our "Empire of Opinion." The Government is kind and conciliating; it orders the religion of the Natives to be held sacred, their manners and customs to be respected, and their persons and property to be inviolate. But these are negative favors, which though inestimable in themselves may not make such an impression on the mind of the unreflecting Hindoo as injuries which although "as dust in the balance" are of a more visible and palpable nature. The mass of the population are incapable of appreciating the excellence of a Government which is to them invisible, since their intellects cannot penetrate the cause nor the object, nor estimate the effect and tendency of its operations. They must therefore form their opinions of us by things more within their reach; their own experience of our conduct to them. Now let us consider that there is near a million of inhabitants in and about Calcutta which is besides a general place of resort from all parts of the country, there being a constant influx and efflux of persons of all classes and descriptions, for business or for pleasure. If some thoughtless men be allowed to indulge the brutal propensity of trampling on this immense multitude, regardlessly endangering their lives and limbs, outraging and insulting them in the grossest manner, what sort of an opinion of us will be diffused throughout the country? Shall we gain the character of a mild, generous, and humane people, lovers of justice, and haters of oppression? The thing is morally impossible.

Is the conciliating spirit of the Government, I again ask, to be counteracted by such a disgraceful practice? is the character of the nation to be sullied by the reprehensible conduct of a few who meanly

domineer over a people who they know cannot resist nor resent. It is full time that the attention of the British Public be called to this subject, that they may reflect well upon it, and consider whether they are doing their duty to the State to which they owe their protection, justice to the people in whose country they dwell, and credit to that land which gave them birth, which has gained a high name for magnanimity and mercy that its sons ought to be always careful not to tarnish.

I am, Sir, Your obedient Servant.

HUMANITAS.

Nagpore Theatricals.

Sir, To the Editor of the Calcutta Journal.

Our beautiful little Theatre was thrown open for the first time since the departure of the Madras Troops, on Monday evening last, the 25th instant; and delighted were we to find that our most sanguine expectations of the success of our Amateurs were not disappointed. The Play was *The Rivals*, and it went off upon the whole in a very superior style of excellence.

Sir Anthony Absolute was inimitable; nothing could possibly excel his acting: from his first entrance, till his last exit, every time he made his appearance,—the audience were in convulsions of laughter, and he was frequently, enthusiastically, and most deservedly applauded. His dress was as critically correct as his acting; and it was difficult to imagine the scene before us, any thing but nature. The gentleman who delighted us with his performance, had evidently a true conception of the part,—and we do not think the most fastidious Critic of the Drury-lane Pit could have discovered any one thing in his manner, gesture, dress, or appearance to carp at; and, when the fact of this being his "debut" in the male character, is taken into consideration, his success appears to us truly astonishing. We repeat then, the part could not have been better performed; and considering him as an Actor, we think his proper place would be upon the boards of one of the London Theatres, where, as *Sir Anthony Absolute*, he would be a successful or at least a fearless Rival, to either *Minden*, or *Downton*.

Acres got through the business of the evening with apparent ease, and was frequently applauded;—his representation of fear in the duel scene, was chastely correct; and not in the least, as is too often the case, over-acted. His dress was good, and acting very respectable.

That most difficult part, *Faulkland*, was ably sustained, and would, no doubt, have been done still better—but for the indisposition of the gentleman who performed the part.

Sir Lucius O'Trigger looked the Irish gentleman, and appeared to want neither confidence nor prompting: indeed, the whole of the Amateurs were perfectly qualified in the latter respect.

Lydia Languish was truly excellent;—the gentleman who performed this part, informed us by a look, the moment the drawing up of the curtain discovered him, that he understood his character. Never did we behold it more ably sustained; and had we not known that no females were upon the Nagpore Boards, we must have supposed him one. Too much cannot be said in praise of him; but as he was equally excellent throughout, we really know not which part to speak of:—we shall, therefore, merely say, we need not wish ever to see *Lydia Languish* in other hands, and that the histrionic talent displayed by this gentleman, pronounces him fully equal to any Actors of the part in India.

Mrs. Malaprop's Representative was very comic, and very much at home: the clearness of his enunciation, correctness of his action, his knowledge of the boards and of his part, proclaim him a valuable addition to our Nagpore Amateurs, and the audience were not wanting in the expression of their approbation of his acting.

We have seldom seen an Amateur performance succeed better upon the whole, than this one: there were, perhaps, a few slight faults, which in professional people might have blamed; but the invidious task of finding fault with Amateur gentlemen, who kindly step forward to amuse and delight the Society they ornament, shall never be undertaken by us; besides, we have, no doubt, they will, by practice, improve their acting to a degree of perfection, which will not call for remark, except in praise of it;—and, all we would wish to suggest to them, is, the advantage of having at their dress Rehearsal, the evening previous to the Play, a select private audience of acknowledged taste and judgment, who might perhaps be enabled to throw out some few hints for their improvement, where many are necessary; and we are glad to hear this arrangement has been talked of.

Papers are about to be circulated for Subscribers to a Masquerade, to be given at the conclusion of the Races, and we doubt not to experience much gratification in the rational and delightful species of amusement. A sort of Interlude, is, we hear, to be put into Rehearsal, but this piece, (which is to be original), has not yet been fixed upon; we hope, the latter intention will be carried into effect; for, where so many ready and willing Amateurs are to be had, we think the Entertainment of the evening would be heightened, and delight of the spectators and masks increased by it.

Candour Hall, Feb. 27, 1822.

THESPIA.

Bengally Newspaper.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE SUNGBAUD COWMUDDY.

An account of a new-born child.—A new-born infant, whose navel string had not been cut, and which was lying near a tank close to Deby Ghose's house at Auberytolloh in Calcutta, being on a sudden heard to cry by some person, he took it up, and having in vain enquired after its parents and the person who had left the child in the above state, he entrusted it of one of his female domestics and desired her to take care of it and bring it up, which order she has till now strictly obeyed.

An account of a Marriage.—Opoorba Naroy Ghose, son of Ram-éanto Ghose, of Boral, to the south of Calcutta, was married to the daughter of Deby Churan Chowdhury, an inhabitant of the district of Gochurn on Sunday the 21st of February. Previous to this marriage the *Ghotuck** though he had some relationship with the bridegroom's father, yet with a view to obtain more money from him, exhibited at first another beautiful girl, and she having found favor in his eyes the marriage contract was agreed upon and the day appointed. Accordingly the father of the bridegroom, after the preliminary ceremonies, proceeded on the appointed day with his son, and many other friends and relations who joined in the marriage procession. Then the *Ghotuck* came, and said to him, "That this is the best day for marriage, is indeed very true; but at twilight in the evening is the most proper time; therefore, while you bring up the rear (of the Procession) let me hasten on with the bridegroom." He then went up to the bearers and promised them handsome presents if they would speedily go along with him to the place he would lead them to. The *Ghotuck* on his arrival at the house of the bride about dusk, finding every thing ready, the marriage ceremony commenced, and it was all over when the bridegroom's father came to the place with his other relations. Not being able to find the *Ghotuck* they made a strict enquiry after him; and soon after coming to understand that his son had been betrothed to an ugly and hunchbacked woman, he and his other relations were so much enraged that they all returned home carrying the bridegroom with them, and leaving that ugly creature to the mercy of its parents.

The Killing of a Tiger.—Near Joynogur in Bodobun, which is to the South East of Calcutta, there is a place called Chowermohol that abounds in woods, and is infested with Tigers, owing to which, indeed, it is thinly inhabited. In this, there lives a householder whose wife having been newly brought to bed of a child, made a fire in her cottage, shut the doors well, and confined herself in it, with the child in her bosom. When her husband had gone out on some business one morning, about nine o'clock, a Tiger having honored the place with a visit, began going round about the house for the purpose of finding a way into it. The woman inside the hut knowing this, was very much terrified, and gave herself up to a variety of sad reflections, particularly that if her husband should happen to return at the time he would inevitably be devoured by the Tiger. While she was thus musing, the rapacious animal being unable to find any entrance jumped up on the thatch, and began to make an opening by taking out the straw; the narrowness of it not admitting his mouth, he put in his two hind legs and the tail. The woman, who by this time despaired of her life, seeing this, set fire to one end of the quilt which protected her from the rigours of the winter season and brought it gradually in contact with the tail of the tiger. This seemed to make some impression on the animal; but as the greater part of his body was suspended, he endeavoured without any success to raise it. This tiger before it expired made such a yelling, with a voice like thunder, that all the villagers shut themselves up in their own houses, while this desperate woman was burning this ferocious beast without in the least injuring her own Cottage. The Tiger, however, soon died, and two hours after the noise had ceased, five, seven, or ten persons together came out at this spot, watching on all sides, and made themselves acquainted with the particulars. About this time also the woman's husband returned, and the carcass of the Tiger being brought down, was thrown away.

Foundling Infant.—On the 28th of February, at about ten in the morning, the women of Deby Ghose's neighbourhood as they were going to fetch water from a tank in his house at Jorabagon, beheld a new-born infant lying upon the grass on one side of the tank, covered all over with leaves of trees; and hearing its affecting cries, they uncovered it, and found it to be very beautiful. This rather astonished them; their dress was disordered; they began to tremble thro' fear, and instantly went to acquaint the people of the house with the sad circumstance. The latter again informed the Police Officers of it, and they took the child to the Thanna. After this the Thanadar made a report to the Magistrates of the Police, who have thought it proper to put the child under the care of a nurse. The parents of the infant and the person who had abandoned it in this manner, are not yet known.

* Match-Maker.

Curious case of Inanity.—The jury assembled on this occasion had bestowed the most cool and serious attention on the subject, in order to find out the cause of such a circumstance; the particulars of which I shall here relate. An old woman of about 80 years of age, and her daughter about 60, lived together in this city. A Mooselman boy happened to present them with some victuals on a plate at about ten o'clock in the night of the 3rd instant, which they preserved for the next morning, when having eaten of them, they instantly ran mad and began to bawl out, making a loud noise. Another old woman who resided in the same place knowing these to be bad omens, went and informed the Thanadar of the circumstance, who came to the house, and in the discharge of his duty he sent those two women to the mad house. Two hours afterward the old woman, aged about 80 years, breathed her last. A jury was then appointed to examine the carcass of the deceased, but notwithstanding the most mature reflections on the subject, they could not pronounce decidedly as to the cause of such a death. The Doctor, however, thought that those victuals which they had been eating were filled with the seeds of *Dhoostoor**, the heat of which the old woman being too weak to bear, necessarily died; but her daughter having an advantage over her in point of strength, did not share the same fate with her mother, though she was seized with frenzy, of which, perhaps, she might be cured by being kept always cool, in respect to her eating, drinking, &c.

Sir, To the Editor of the *Sungbaud Cowmuddy*.

After a long journey, I have at last arrived at this city, which is inhabited by men polite and sensible, and possessed of many other good qualities; and which is adorned with splendid edifices for their accommodation. All these contributed to give this city such a charming appearance as made me to forget all the trouble I had undergone in order to come to visit it; and when I entered the houses of the rich, my organs of vision were quite pleased in beholding the variety of beautiful objects, with which they were adorned, but I regret to say that there was nothing of what is called music, singing, or dancing to gratify two of the senses jointly, viz. those of seeing and hearing. I therefore beg of you to cause this *Cowmuddy* bud to blow by the assistance of your moon light!

This town of Calcutta is crowded with people of various descriptions, intersected with extensive ranges of public buildings, and adorned with finished parterres, the trees of which are now in blossom (it being spring); the soul is gratified with the cool zephyr, saturated with the fragrance of opening blossoms; the bees being intoxicated with the nectarious juice of flowers are now rising from and again dropping upon them, and at the same time buzzing enchantingly; and lastly the Cuckoo fills the air with its melodious and lovely notes. All these things concur in heightening the beauty of the city. But it is sincerely to be regretted that there is not in such a country that art of singing, of the modulations of the human voice which is too well known in the Upper Provinces and other parts of the world to require any description, which is capable of enchanting persons of every age: nay, it is related that even the brutes are pleased with this harmony, and that the snakes put out their heads, peeping from the holes to hear it. Nothing then is so delightful as this art; since it is written in the *Shatrus*; "No amusement is equal to the art of singing." As the moon is to the night, and lily-lotus to deep tanks, as the bees are to the lotus, and learned men to the court princes, even such is this liberal art to so magnificent a city. Hence it follows that, that which is the source of pleasure in this world as well as in the next, ought not to be forsaken by men residing in so pleasant a place as this. It is said that in former times Urjoon was the singing and dancing master of Ooturro, the daughter of King Beerot. Even now a-days singing, dancing, and music form a considerable part of both male and female education among Europeans. Mr. and Mrs. Lacy, and several others, go to the Townhall every fortnight to sing, dance, and play upon musical instruments, and thus amuse themselves; other people to gratify their minds often go thither at a great expense even from the distance of twenty miles or upwards. It is even not altogether inconsistent with the *Shatrus* that the English being the possessors of the country should be imitated by their subjects and others, and I, in conformity to this, recommend the art of singing, dancing, and music to the attention of the wealthy Hindoos.

Burning of Hindoo Widows.—It is well known that the custom of the Hindoo widows burning themselves with their deceased husbands, has been carried to excess; for they not only burn those in the prime of life, but also those that are pregnant at the time; all this is strictly forbidden in their own *Shasters*. And it is also reported that the widows are made to eat something which intoxicates them, and are then burnt against their inclinations. O what a horrible practice! such treatment is contrary to all the *Shasters*, to religion and to mercy; since their own *Shasters* expressly declare that those widows who are pregnant or have not attained the age of maturity should not burn themselves on the funeral piles of their deceased husbands.

* A fruit, very common in this country, the seeds of which have an intoxicating quality.

Monday, March 18, 1822.

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Bengally Newspaper.**TRANSLATIONS FROM THE SUMMOCHAR CHUNDRIKA.**

Concremation.—A Brahmin of Aunerpoor, aged about fifty five, being very sick, was carried to the Ganges, at Angorepara. His wife and two sons accompanied him thither, and on Thursday the 7th of March, the night of the full moon, he died. The next morning his faithful wife, burnt herself, on the Ghaut at Serampore, on the funeral pile of her husband without the least sign of pain or symptom of reluctance, to the utter astonishment and discomfiture of her enemies.

Adultery and Murder.—There lived a Brahmin with his father-in-law in a village near Joynogur, to the South of Calcutta. On the 20th of February at about eight o'clock in the night of Shibchuttoordussy, he said to his wife that he was going abroad upon some business, and would not return that night, and bade her shut the doors and go to bed. Shortly after he had left the house she took two strangers in her chamber and was conversing and coquetting with them; when her husband either by chance, or from having received intelligence of this, returned, and peeping through the window he detected her in the act of violating the laws of chastity. Being enraged at the sight, he called to her with a thundering voice to open the door. She was much frightened at this unexpected surprise, and having extinguished the lamp, she advised her Paramours to knock down the Cuckold, that they might make their escape in safety. She then opened the door. The Brahmin contrived to lay hold of one of them, in spite of all his evasions, upon which the other stranger struck the Brahmin on the head with a bludgeon, and the blow proved fatal. All the inhabitants of this Brahmin's house, and his wife with her two favourites, have been confined by the order of the Judge of the district. The result will afterwards be published when we learn the decision of the Judge.

SIR, To the Editor of the Summochar Chundrika.

Having read in the SUNGBAD COWMUDDY some improbable assertions advanced as to Concremation, before I pass my judgement upon them, and print it in the CHUNDRIKA, I beg leave to ask the Editor of that paper the two following questions, and if they be satisfactorily answered, I doubt not but his proposed reformation may take place. "How did he come by his information that Widows who are pregnant at the time, or have not attained the age of maturity, are made to eat something which intoxicates them, and then burnt on the funeral piles of their deceased husbands? Was this the result of the liveliness of his own imagination, or has he printed that story in his COWMUDDY, tending to revile the manners and customs of his own country, merely to please some foreigners whose manners and customs are quite different from ours?"

SIR, To the Editor of the Summochar Chundrika.

I write to you, with the consent of many well-bred, virtuous, and rich inhabitants of Calcutta, the following subject, the insertion of which in your paper will greatly oblige me.

So much as has been written in the SUNGBAD COWMUDDY of 5th March, Number xiv, about the violence and injustice exercised in Concremation that it is beyond probability; for if a man through malice, strength, or artifice, were to kill a person even secretly amidst a thick forest, it could not remain undiscovered; since, besides the EYE that is ever observing every thing which passes in this world, there are Magistrates appointed to preserve order and peace in this country. And the Magistrates never allow a woman to burn herself with her husband, before they have given the subject a serious and cool consideration, and found the woman to be devoid of all the passions, and to have a constant faith in her husband. The Editor of the SUNGBAD COWMUDDY, merely to expose himself, has thus written in his paper that, "Those Widows who are pregnant at the time, or have not arrived at years of maturity, are made to eat something which inebriates them, and then thrown upon the burning piles of their husbands." It is a proverb among the vulgar, that a guardian is always disagreeable to a lewd woman, moonlight to a thief, Ghrytu (clarified butter) to a drunkard, and a chaste woman to one of the contrary character. One cannot injure another with impunity. A woman burns herself publicly before all her relations and friends. I would therefore advise the Editor, rather than ridicule those who conduct themselves consistently with religious principles, to mention the names and residence of the persons who brought him such intelligence, that we may obtain information from them respecting such murderers, and then endeavour to make them feel the justice of the Government; otherwise he must be held as an Infidel, or one deprived of the use of his reason.

March 10, 1822.

BIPRUDDOSS.

Complaint of the Pedestrians.—If in this flourishing town at Calcutta, its benevolent and generous rulers were not to widen the roads, make new ones, and have them daily cleared, the passengers would soon be obliged to walk upon each others heads, and we should be as subject to pestilence and disease as the inhabitants of Moorshedabad. Though

the Government has greatly contributed to the redress of those inconveniences, foot-passengers still labour under a very great one, which is daily observed by every body. By publishing this in the MOON OF INTELLIGENCE the authors of that inconvenience may perhaps be offended; but I cannot help exposing that to public view, by which many of the poor like myself are harrassed. The roads of the cities in Europe are very wide; the carriages pass through the middle, and those travelling on foot, on each side of them; but that salutary custom is not observed here. Those who drive carriages here, think themselves the sole masters of the road, and order their grooms to run before their carriages bawling out, "Poice" or "Keenorejoh"!! We see a carriage to the left, and timidly run to the right, and then again finding one there also, we are at a loss where to go to. Thus we experience many troubles: first, from the dust; secondly, from not having a certain space to walk on; and thirdly, from the wickedness of the master of the carriage. There is a certain class of mortals, very hard-hearted, quite regardless about the convenience of others, and perfect strangers to industry, who are continually gadding about in carriages, which they drive in public roads, through lanes, and in every direction where a carriage can pass. They even drive them in dark nights, and sometimes without any groom before them. While thus in the act of driving their carriages, if a poor person, who is at that time meditating perhaps on his wretched condition, happen to be near at hand, he does not escape a sound lashing with their whips. At this, however, the poor innocent man is quite dissatisfied and confounded; for he sees no reason why he receives the blow. Neither can he pursue the aggressor, lest he should receive even an additional flogging for his pains; and were he to catch him, being himself a poor man, what more could he do?

Nagpore Races.**SECOND DAY'S SPORT, FEBRUARY 27, 1822.**

The Rajah's Plate of 1,000 Rupees, was handicapped for all Horses—heats 2 miles, and 100 Rupees entrance.

| | st. | lb. | 1st heat. | 2d heat |
|---------------------------------------|------------|-----|-----------|---------|
| Mr. Hope's B. A. H. Slim..... | carrying.. | 8 | 8 | 1 |
| Mr. Battersley's B. A. H. Vampire.... | ditto .. | 6 | 0 | 2 |
| Col. MacKenzie's B. Eng. Mare Betty.. | ditto .. | 9 | 13 | 3 |

Slim and the Mare went off beautifully at score for the first mile, where Slim took the lead, (Vampire evidently not pushing for the heat), and won with great ease in 4 minutes and 13 seconds. Betting between Slim and the Mare even, 4 and 5 to 1 against Vampire.

2nd Heat.—Vampire started at score, closely followed by Slim and the Mare; at the end of the mile and half, the Mare dropped, and a desperate contest ensued between Slim and Vampire. Slim won the heat by about two lengths, in 4 minutes 10 seconds, betting the same as before.

Second Race—a Pony Plate of 200 Rupees, as all Ponies carrying 74st. 10lb. and Winners 5lb. extra, 20 Rupees entrance—mile heats.

| | st. | lb. | 1st heat. | 2d heat |
|---|-----|-----|-----------|------------|
| Mr. ———'s c. p. Dennis Park..... | 8 | 1 | 1 | 1 |
| Mr. ———'s g. p. Tom (allowed 3 pounds)... | 7 | 7 | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. D. Campbell's c. m. Begum..... | | | | (distance) |
| Mr. Fullen's Highflyer..... | 7 | 10 | 2 | 2 |

This Race afforded very little amusement to the spectators, as Dennis Park won both heats with the greatest ease.

The next Day's Sport is to take place on Friday morning, the 1st of March. The Resident, we were happy to see once more upon the Course this morning.

Commercial Reports.

(From the Calcutta Exchange Price Current of Thursday last.)

Note.—It being difficult to quote with preciseness the prices of the following Articles, the mode of stating generally, whether they are at an advance or discount, has been adopted, as being sufficient to give a tolerably correct idea of the Market.—The Exchange being at Par.

References.—(P. C.) Prime Cost of the Article as Invoiced at the Manufacturer's prices, exclusive of Freight and Charges.—(A.) Advance on the same.—(D.) Discount.

| | | | |
|---------------------------|-------|---|-------------------|
| Birmingham Hard-ware..... | 10 | a | 20 per cent. D. |
| Broad Cloth, fine..... | 10 | a | 15 per cent. A. |
| Broad Cloth, coarse..... | 20 | a | 30 per cent. D. |
| Flannels..... | P. C. | 0 | a 5 per cent. A. |
| Hats, Bicknell's..... | 25 | a | 30 per cent. A. |
| Cutlery..... | P. C. | 0 | a 10 per cent. A. |
| Earthen-ware..... | 25 | a | 35 per cent. D. |
| Glass-ware..... | 15 | a | 20 per cent. A. |
| Window Glass..... | 5 | a | 10 per cent. A. |

Cape-Town Gazette.

Cape-Town, Dec. 8, 1821.—The public was highly gratified on Monday last, in witnessing the successful experiment, made by Mr. MARSHALL, of his newly-invented Lifting Dock, of which notice had been given in the last Gazette.

Mr. MARSHALL brought his Model (which was sufficiently large to take in a Four-oared Boat,) close to the Wharf, where it was first sunk by means of Scuttles; and a Four-oared Boat, with her Crew, placed in the situation a larger Vessel would be destined to take, if the Plan be proceeded in: the Boat was, in a few minutes, raised quite out of Water, by means of the Pumps; and she was thus in a state to have undergone any necessary Repairs.

The Crew of the HYPERION's Barge, then went on Board, without causing any alteration in the position of the Machine. The spectators were highly gratified,—anticipating the greatest benefit and utility, from this simple, but most ingenious Machine.

His Excellency Lord CHARLES SOMERSET, Captain LILICRAP, R. N. with many Officers of the HYPERION attended, and expressed their conviction of the ultimate success of Mr. MARSHALL's Plan. An account of this Machine is, we understand, about to be printed.

Shipping Arrivals.

BOMBAY.

| Date | Names of Vessels | Flags | Commanders | From Whence | Left |
|---------|------------------|---------|------------|-------------|------|
| Feb. 18 | Tartar | British | J. Roide | Colombo | — |

Shipping Departures.

BOMBAY.

| Date | Names of Vessels | Flags | Commanders | Destination |
|---------|------------------|---------|-------------|-------------|
| Feb. 20 | Sarah | British | H. W. Quick | Colombo |

Stations of Vessels in the River.

MARCH 15, 1822.

At Diamond Harbour.—ELEANOR, inward-bound, remains.—ALBION.

New Anchorage.—H. M. S. GLASGOW.

Saugor.—SKY LARK (brig), outward-bound, remains.

The JOHN BARRY arrived off Calcutta on Friday last.

Passengers.

Passengers per ELEANOR, from the Cape to Calcutta.—Miss Henderson, Mrs. Townsend, and Mrs. Farvel. From Madras.—Captain Trucman, of the Bengal Military Establishment.

Marriages.

On the 16th instant, at St. John's Cathedral, by the Reverend D. CORRIE, Mr. JOHN PATRICK BELLEW, to Miss AMELIA FLEMING.

On the 15th instant, at St. John's Cathedral, by the Reverend D. CORRIE, JAMES MACKENZIE, Esq. to Miss ANNE FORBES ROSS, second Daughter of Captain DANIEL ROSS, of Howrah.

Birth.

At Mirzapore, on the 9th instant, the Lady of Captain BAKER, 19th Regiment of Native Infantry, of a Daughter.

Deaths.

At Chowringhee, on the 13th instant, JOHN ARTHUR GORDON, the infant Son of JAMES JAMESON, Esq. Secretary to the Medical Board.

At Nagpore, on the 22d ultimo, THOMAS WILLIAM, Son of Lieutenant Colonel WHITEHEAD, Commanding the 1st Battalion 21st Regiment of Bengal Native Infantry, aged 16 months and 16 days.

PRICE OF BULLION.

| | | | | | | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------|-----|----|---|-----|----|---------|
| Spanish Dollars,..... | Sicca Rupees | 206 | 0 | a | 206 | 8 | per 100 |
| Doubloons,..... | | 31 | 0 | a | 31 | 8 | each |
| Joes, or Pezas,..... | | 17 | 4 | a | 17 | 5 | each |
| Dutch Ducats,..... | | 4 | 4 | a | 4 | 12 | each |
| Louis D'Ors,..... | | 8 | 4 | a | 8 | 8 | each |
| Silver 5 Franc pieces,..... | | 191 | 4 | a | 191 | 8 | per 100 |
| Star Pagodas,..... | | 3 | 6½ | a | 3 | 7 | 6 each |
| Sovereigns,..... | | 10 | 8 | a | 10 | 12 | |
| Bank of England Notes,..... | | 10 | 8 | a | 11 | 0 | |

Found in the Letter Box.

To the Editor of the Calcutta Journal.

SIR,

I simply ask you whether "Irish Adulation," which is prefixed to an Article in the JOURNAL of the 6th March is also prefixed to that Article in the Paper from which you copied it; and if it is, what Paper was it, and what date?

March 15, 1822.

PLAIN QUESTION.

Reply.

From the Editor of the Calcutta Journal.

SIR,

The words "Irish Adulation," which ARE prefixed to an Article in the JOURNAL of the 6th of March, ARE also prefixed to that Article in the Paper from which it was copied; and that Paper was the BOMBAY COURIER (the GOVERNMENT GAZETTE of that Presidency) of the 9th of February. It is given in that Paper among the English Extracts, without acknowledgement of the particular English Paper from which it was taken; and a portion of the same Article was republished also in the MADRAS COURIER of the same month, under the eye of the Government Censor!

March 16, 1822.

PLAIN ANSWER.

We are never ashamed to acknowledge the sources from which our Extracts are made: as we are not at all influenced by names, and think a Truth from Paine, or Cobbett, or Hunt, or Hone, is of quite as much value as a Truth from Shakespeare, Bacon, Locke, or Paley; or a Sophism quite as worthless from Aristotle, Voltaire, Hume, or Bentley, as from the COURIER, NEW TIMES, or EXAMINER. It often happens, however, that articles originally published in one English Paper are copied into others without acknowledgement, and even the names changed when we get them (as we did this through the BOMBAY COURIER) at second hand, and sometimes, indeed, at third. The Letter of CH. FITZPAINE to the TRAVELLER we believe is one of these, as it was taken from a different Paper from the article on Buonaparte, the last being from the EXAMINER itself, and the first it is believed from a MADRAS GAZETTE. It was only by sending out to a Friend that we could get the BOMBAY COURIER of the 9th of February to look for the phrase of "Irish Adulation;" as that, like all other Papers of which much use is made, was cut up into 50 fragments and never thought of more. But the PLAIN ANSWER to the PLAIN QUESTION will show how easy it is to be deceived. As far as the merits of the question are concerned, it could be a matter of no consequence whatever whether the phrase "Irish Adulation" was our own or another's. If we had prefixed it to an article bearing out that title, it would be no more than right. If we had called the article "Adulation,"—and it had turned out to be "Condemnation" we should only have exposed our own folly.—But if it was called "Adulation" and really proved to be so—of what consequence could it be who affixed the titles? It happens, however, to the confusion of the Querist, that not a letter of it was our own; and therefore, for this time at least, he is disappointed of his game. These fastidious Snarlers would do well to refute the matter of these obnoxious articles, instead of troubling their heads about their titles and their sources. If they cannot do that, they had better hold their tongues; because, calling a person a Cockney does not prove him disreputable. The King himself is a Cockney in the general acceptance of the phrase, and at all events to suppose all Cocknies fools or rogues, is rather a sweeping error. Neither does it follow because a thing comes from the EXAMINER that therefore it should be less loyal than from any other Paper. We took Sir Walter Scott's Account of the Coronation from its pages, and we should copy any thing else, from that or any other source that contained what appeared to us deserving republication. Indeed in every Paper in India, and above all others, the JOHN BULL itself, there are articles from the English Papers inserted almost daily, without the source being acknowledged, and sometimes wrongly quoted, but as often from inadvertence, hurry, and mistake in the Printing Office, as from really not knowing what the original source was, in the confusion of London, Provincial, and Indian Prints, all brought into hourly use. If these Question-asking Gentlemen could have the labour of getting up a single Number of the CALCUTTA JOURNAL, (such as to-day for instance) thrown on their hands, they would carp less at such minor matters as these:—but after all, as they are not bound in duty (as we are) to read ALL the Papers for the purpose of collecting the News, why do they not throw the JOURNAL into the fire if it so mightily displeases them? or why look at it at all? We never take any pains to oblige persons to subscribe to it against their will; but if those who take in the EXAMINER for snug and secret reading—like the writer who asks whether it was not shame that made us quote from such a Paper without acknowledgement though he reads the Paper for himself;—if such persons as these will have the JOURNAL also for their amusement and satisfaction, how they can satisfy their consciences we know not. But that is their affair, not ours.